

Beaver & Gephart

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Governor Cleveland Formally Notified of his Nomination.

ALBANY, N. Y., July 29.—The committee appointed to formally notify Governor Cleveland of his nomination for president met at 10 a. m., Colonel Vilas presiding, and arrangements for the notification were made, it being decided that the committee should visit the governor at three p. m.

The guests were prompt on arriving and when the members of the two committees were provided for there was very little extra space. The ceremony took place in the large handsome main parlor of the mansion. The ceremony was brief, but exceedingly impressive. The arrival of the committees in a body was the signal for concentration in the main parlor. There the committee of notification took positions on the south end of the room and the members of the national committee on the north. A space was reserved in the centre and as soon as the preparations were completed the governor entered through the main hallway, standing with his back to the flower banked mantel.

The ladies of the party stood near the governor at his left. His appearance at the doorway was the signal for a hearty and spontaneous outburst of applauding which continued for several minutes. As soon as this had subsided, Col. W. F. Vilas, of Wisconsin, chairman of the late democratic national convention and of the notification committee, stepped slightly forward and addressing the governor in a clear resonant tone and with marked enthusiasm said:

"Grover Cleveland, Governor of the State of New York: These gentlemen my associates here present, whose voice I am honored with authority to utter, were a committee appointed by the national democratic convention recently assembled in Chicago and charged with the grateful duty of acquainting you officially, and in that solemn and ceremonious manner which the dignity and importance of the communications demand, with the interesting result of its deliberations, already known to you through the ordinary channels of news.

"Sir, that august body convened by direct delegation from the democratic people of the several states and territories of the republic, and deliberating under the witness of the greatest assembly of freemen ever gathered to such a conference in forethought of the election which the constitution imposes upon them to make during the current year, have nominated you to be their president for the next ensuing term of that great office, and with grave consideration of its exalted responsibilities have confidently invoked their suffrages to invest you with its functions. Through this committee the convention's high requirement is delivered that you may accept that candidacy. This choice carries with it profound personal respect and admiration, but it has been in no manner the fruit of those sentiments. The national democracy seeks a president not in compliment for what the man is, or reward for what he has done, but in a just expectation of what he will accomplish as the true servant of a free people, fit for their lofty trust. Always of momentous consequence, they conceive the public exigency to be now of transcendent importance, that a laborious reform in the administration as well as legislation is imperatively necessary to the prosperity and honor of the republic and a competent chief magistrate must be of unusual temper and power. They have observed with attention your execution of the public trusts you have held, especially of that with which you are now so honorably invested. Their reliance for the usefulness of the service. They expect to exact for the benefit of the nation upon the evidence derived from the services you have performed for the state of New York. They invite the electors to such proof of character and competence to justify their confidence that in the nation as heretofore in the state the public business will be administered with commensurate intelligence and ability, with single hearted honesty and fidelity and with resolute and daring fearlessness which no faction, no combination, no power of wealth, no mistaken clamor can dismay or qualify. In the spirit of the wisdom and invoking the benediction of the Divine Creator of Men, we challenge from the sovereignty of this nation, His words in commendation and ratification of our choice. 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things.' In further fulfillment of our duty the secretary will present the written communication signed by the committee."

Colonel Vilas was several times interrupted by applause. At the close of his remarks Mr. Nicholas M. Prince, of Missouri, secretary of the committee, read the following formal address, prepared by the committee:

New York City, July 28, 1884.—To the Hon. Grover Cleveland, of New York—Sir: In accordance with a custom befitting the nature of the communication the undersigned, representing the several states and territories of the Union, were appointed a committee by the national democratic convention which assembled at Chicago on the 8th day of the current month to perform the pleasing office, which by this means we have the honor to execute, of informing you of your nomination as the candidate of the democratic party in the ensuing election for the office of president of the United States and the declaration of the principles upon which the democracy go before the people with a hope of establishing and maintaining them in the government was made by the convention, and an engrossed copy thereof is submitted in connection with this communication for your consideration. We trust the approval of your judgment will follow an examination of this expression of opinion and policy, and upon the controversy now made up, we invite your acceptance of the exalted leadership to which you have been chosen. The election of a president is an event of the utmost importance to the people of America; their prosperity, growth, happiness, peace and liberty, even may depend upon its wise ordering. Your unanimous nomination is proof that the democracy believe your election will most contribute to secure those great objects. We assure you that in the anxious responsibilities you must assume as a candidate you will have the steadfast and cordial support of the friends of the cause you will represent and in the execution of the duties of the high office which we confidently expect the wisdom of the nation will confer upon you, you may securely rely for approval and upon the patriotism, honor and intelligence of this free people, we have the honor to be with great respect."

The address is signed by W. F. Vilas, of Wisconsin, president; Nicholas M. Bell, of Missouri, secretary, and by forty-six members of the committee representing thirty-eight states and eight territories. Governor Cleveland, who had stood meanwhile an intently listener, replied as follows: "Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the Committee: Your formal announcement does not, of course, convey to me the first information of the result of the convention lately held by the democracy of the nation, and yet, when, as I listen to your message and see about me representatives from all parts of the land of the great party which, claiming to be the party of the people, ask them to entrust to it the administration of their government and when I consider, under the influence of the stern realities which the present surroundings create, that I have been chosen to represent the plans, purposes and policy of the democratic party, I am profoundly impressed by the solemnity of the occasion and by the responsibility of my position. Though I gratefully appreciate it, I do not at this moment congratulate myself upon the distinguished honor which has been conferred upon me, because my mind is full of an anxious desire to perform well the part which has been assigned to me. Nor do I at this moment forget that the rights and interests of more than 50,000,000 of my fellow citizens are involved in an effort to gain democratic supremacy. This reflection presents to my mind the consideration which more than all others gives to the action of my party in convention assembled its most sober and serious aspect. The party and its representatives which ask to be entrusted at the hands of the people with the keeping of what concerns their welfare and their safety should only ask it with the full appreciation of the sacredness of the trust and with a firm resolve to administer it faithfully and well. "I am a democrat because I believe that this truth lies at the foundation of



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true democracy. I have kept the faith because I believe, if rightly and fairly administered and applied, democratic doctrines and measures will insure the happiness, contentment and prosperity of the people. If, in the contest upon which we now enter, we steadfastly hold to the underlying principles of our party creed, and at all times keep in view the people's good, we shall be strong because we are true to ourselves and because the plain and independent voters of the land will seek by their suffrages to compass their release from party tyranny, where there should be devotion to the people's interest. These thoughts lend a consecration to our cause and we go forth not merely to gain a partisan advantage, but pledged to give to those who trust us the utmost benefits of an honest administration of national affairs. No higher purpose or motive can stimulate to supreme effort or urge us to continuous and earnest labor and effective party organization. Let us not fail in this, and we may confidently hope to reap the full reward of patriotic services well performed. I have thus called to mind some simple truths, and trite though they are it seems to me we do well to dwell upon them at this time. I shall soon, I hope, signify in the usual formal manner my acceptance of the nomination which has been tendered to me. In the meantime I gladly greet you all as co-workers in a noble cause."

The governor spoke extemporaneously and not without evidence of deep earnestness and feeling. He seemed to realize the weight of responsibility which rested upon his shoulders as the standard bearer of the party. The address was not only a model one in thought but was delivered with rare grace and effect. The congratulations that were showered upon him by the many distinguished leaders of the party at the close were sincere and hearty. After sometime spent in social interchanges, the doors of the dining room were swung open and refreshments partaken of. An informal reception was held at the Port Orange club on Washington street late in the afternoon.

MR. HENDRICKS' ABLE ADDRESS IN RESPONSE TO THE FORMAL INFORMATION OF HIS NOMINATION FOR VICE PRESIDENT, JULY 30TH.

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the Committee—I cannot realize that a man could ever stand in the presence of a committee representing a more august body of men than which you represent. In the language of another the convention was large in numbers, august in culture and patriotic in sentiments, and may I not add to that, that because of power and greatness and the virtue of the party which it represented, in every respect a very great convention. [Applause.] The delegates came from all the states and territories and I believe, too, from the District of Columbia. [Applause.] They came clothed with authority to express judgement and opinion on all those questions which are not settled by constitutional law for the purpose of passing upon those questions and selecting a ticket for the people. That convention assembled. They decided upon the principles that they would adopt as a platform. They selected candidates that they would propose to the party their support and that the convention work was theirs. I have not reached the period when it is proper for me to consider the strength and force of the statements made in the platform. It is enough for me to know that it comes at your hands from that convention addressed to my patriotic devotion to the democratic party. [Applause.] I appreciate the honor that is done me. I need not question that, but at the same time that I accept the honor from you and from the convention, I feel that the duties and responsibilities of the office rest upon me also. I know that sometimes it is understood that this particular office, that of vice president, does not involve much responsibility, and as a general thing that is so, but sometimes it comes to represent very great responsibilities and it may be so in the near future, for at this time the senate of the United States stands almost equally divided between

the two great parties, and it may be that these two great parties shall so exactly differ that the vice president of the United States shall have to decide upon questions of law by the exercise of the casting vote. [Applause.] The responsibility would then become very great. It would not then be the responsibility of representing a state or a district. It would be the responsibility of representing the whole country, and that the vote when thus cast should be in obedience to the just expectations and requirements of the people of the United States. It might be gentlemen, that upon another occasion the responsibilities would attach to this office, it might occur that under circumstances of some difficulty, I don't think it will be the next election, but it may occur under circumstances of some difficulty the president of the senate will have to take his part in counting of the electoral vote and also allow me to say that the duty is not to be discharged in obedience to any set of men or to any party, but in obedience to a higher authority. [Applause.]

Gentlemen, you have referred to the fact that I am honored by this nomination in a very special degree. I accept the suggestion that in this candidacy I will represent the right of the people to choose their own rulers, that right that is above, that lies beneath all, for if the people are denied the right to choose their own officers according to their own judgement what shall become of the rights of the people at all? What shall become of free government if the people select not their officers? Shall they control the laws, their administration and their execution? So that in suggesting that in this candidacy I represent that right of the people, as you have suggested a great honor has devolved upon me by the confidence of the convention. As soon as it may be convenient and possible to do so I will address you more formally in respect to the letter you have given me. I thank you gentlemen. [Applause.]

The Origin of Dixie.

On a Saturday night in 1859, when Dan Emmett was a member of Bryant's Minstrels, New York, Dan Bryant came to him and said: "Dan, can't you get us up a 'walk around'? I want something new and lively for Monday night." Dan went to work, and by Sunday afternoon he had the words commencing "I wish I was in Dixie." The expression was not Southern, but appeared among the circus people of the North. In early fall, when nipping frosts would overtake the tented wanderers, the boys would think of the warmth of the South, and the common expression would be, "Well, I wish I was in Dixie." This gave the catch-line, and the rest of the song was original. On Monday morning it was rehearsed and highly commended, and at night a crowded house caught up the refrain and half of them went home singing Dixie. The song became the rage, and W. W. Newcomb's Buckley's Minstrels and others gave Dan \$5 each for the privilege of using it. Mr. Werlean wrote to Emmett to secure the copyright; but without waiting for a reply, published it with words by Mr. Peters. Pond, of New York, secured it of Emmett for \$600; but Werlean sold thousands of copies without giving him a nickel. Not only was Emmett robbed of the profits of his song, but the authorship of it. Pond brought the matter before a music publishers' convention, and settled the authorship; but Dan reaped no benefit from this tardy justice.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of aching teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhoea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEething is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female nurses and physicians in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25 cents a bottle.

AN ESSAY ON SLEEP.

R. K. Munkittrick, in Puck.

We believe it was Sancho Pedro who thought an all-wool blessing should be bestowed on the individual who first invented, filed a caveat for, and patented sleep.

This leads us to believe that Sancho had a level head, and was a man whose opinion was entitled to some respect. Take a hen, for instance, and she will fall asleep right in the middle of a dusty road. And there that hen will sleep for hours and never move, except to skin her eye occasionally to see if there is any danger of being run over. And if she sees a wagon coming, she will pretend not to see it, and she will sleep right on until the wagon-wheel is within a few feet of her. And then she will suddenly jump up in a manner to show how annoyed she is, and stapp on the side of the road and look at you, in mingled indignation and astonishment.

A dog will lie right in a doorway where people are traveling back and forth, and sleep for hours. He knows that if he is stepped on he will be hurt, and that if some one comes along and kicks him out of the doorway he will be bruised and made to feel uncomfortable. Yet, there he will lie and sleep, and dream the balmy dreams of innocent and unsophisticated doghood. And, like the cat, he will lie close to the stove, and sleep by the hour, and never open his eyes unless he hears the carving knife being sharpened. And if the kettle boils over on him, or a lot of hot grease flies out of the pan, and takes handfuls of hair out of him, and leaves him looking like a crazy-quilt, yet will he return to the stove and make that his favorite sleeping-place again. A dog is so fond of sleeping when burglars are in the room at the dead of night.

In this respect the dog is not unlike the policeman, who is perhaps the greatest sleeper we have. He is so fond of sleep and its refreshing influence that he will climb noiselessly into a murky coal-box and stretch himself out on the coal, and fall into a sweet, long doze that nothing can break. There may be a murder within ten yards of where he is lying, and the cries of the murdered may be sharp enough to cut right through the toughest sinews of the toughest spring-chicken that was ever put on a table; but the policeman will sleep right on, his soul made rosy by the gentlest of gentle visions, and never open his eyes until the last star has melted in the sunlight.

When a man is traveling in a railway-train, he pushes aside the latest novel that is thrust at him by the enterprising train-boy, and closes his eyes upon the delightful landscapes that the railroad finds it profitable to advertise, lays the back of his head on the seat, draws his hat over his eyes, and makes every effort to get into dreamland. And, in spite of the jouncing and jolting of the train, he does fall asleep, and for the time is utterly unconscious of his debts and other tribulations. And there he sleeps the sleep that is not disturbed by the bell, the whistle or the brakeman. It is just the kind of rosy sleep that he can not get in a sleeper; for when he stretches out in a sleeper, or rather a waker, he does not find that roll and toss about all night long. The only time he feels like sleeping is when it is time to rise in the morning. Then he is sleepy because he has exhausted himself by the rolling. After he has rolled in the sleeper all night, he could easily fall asleep on an osage-orange hedge, or barbed fence.

What is pleasanter than a good sleep on a cold winter morning, when you know it is time to get up? Nothing that can be named surpasses the pleasure. Every fresh knock and "Get up, now, the breakfast is getting cold, and it is after eight!" makes the bed seem more comfortable, as you draw your head under the covers, and gather yourself into a ball for a fresh nap of just a few seconds more.

And then there is the Sunday morning sleep, which is about the sweetest of all sweet sleeps. Because then you have plenty of time, and are not hampered by the bells and whistles that ring and blow on week-days to let mortal man know that it is time to rise and proceed to earn his daily cake. On Sunday morning you may close your shutters, and haul down the shades, and make the room so dark that you may sleep right along until your head is small enough to fit your hat, and then it will be about three in the afternoon, and time for breakfast.

Swinging in a hammock out among the honeysuckles, or between two old apple-trees, on a quiet afternoon, is not the worst way in the world of getting into slumberland. As you lie there looking up through the branches at the fleecy clouds floating along, and try to make fanciful figures out of them, such as snow-men smoking pipes, and patri-archal dancing on smoke, and beautiful Circassian women floating about on va-

porary couches, etc., you are lulled to sleep by the hum of insects, and the song of birds, and the airy rustle of the leaves, stirred by the breeze that keeps you in a gentle swaying motion. And when you wake, you have the impression of the netting buried about an inch deep in your face, and leave the impression of your head on the ground just where you landed when you fall out. And then there is the sleep of boyhood. The sleep that every man would like to sleep over again. The sweet, undisturbed sleep in which the boy dreams about the orchard in which the reddest apple grow; and the best receipt for bird-life; and the best way to swap "fen seen's"—the handsome and attractive knife-handle with no blades in it for the superior knife of a companion. The gentle ten-hour-without-stopping sleep, wherein he lives his exploits over again, and falls out of the cherry-tree, and is chased by the farmer, and goes over a cascade on a raft, and fires a gun into a hornet's nest, and sets off fire-crackers close to the old Shanghai rooster. Ah! what are so sweet as those dreams of boyhood? Tender dreams, that are only disturbed when the boy is lifted out of bed by the ear, and hurried down stairs to chop the wood that he forgot to chop last night. There is nothing on earth so sweet, unless it be the sleep of the baby; because the baby can sleep all night and all day and never has to get up. And the baby can never have unpleasant things of this world. And if the baby wakes up, and cries or becomes tired out, it is immediately put to sleep again. It doesn't have to go to sleep itself, but is actually made to sleep. And then every effort is made to keep it asleep as long as possible. Ah, if we could only be put to sleep, in this cruel work-a-day world, and have some one to lie around and allow no one to come near and disturb our repose—then would the hackman lie down with the tourist, the plumber with the landlord. But if we should ever have to be put to sleep, we should prefer to have it done through the medium of a good old brandy egg-nogg.

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She was only a baby, but she held up her sweet red lips, shut the bright eyes and went the rounds from one member of the family to another, repeating the phrase she had just heard from her young mother's lips. "Three kisses, and one to grow on." They caught her up the darling and kissed and kissed her fair baby face, pulled the soft curls, squeezed the dimpled shoulders, and followed her every movement with wistful, worshipping eyes, until she came to the sour, disappointed member of the family, whose words were all hollow, and dolls stuffed with sawdust. She tiptoed up to the stern, bearded face, and put a fat, chubby little hand on each unyielding knee. "Three kisses, and one to grow on." "What does all this tomfoolery mean?" inquired the gruff, grumpy voice. "Baby is three years old to-day," said the young mother, feeling how hard it is to explain a simple, foolish custom that has no particular meaning, "and so we give her a kiss for each year and one to grow on. But you needn't kiss her Uncle Ben, if you don't want to." What was it the old man saw in the limpid eyes lifted to his—a vision of the green fields and still waters of paradise? or did some prescient knowledge possess him, that he caught her up in his arms as he had never done before, and kissed her again and again? "Not want to kiss her?" he said, in a broken voice, "why, I should as soon think of refusing to kiss an angel from heaven. There I pet; there and there I. Now may you grow on this one event to the heights of heaven—never short of their standard, little one. That is the old man's prayer." "Three kisses and one to grow on," three short and beautiful years, and now— Her age I cannot tell, For they reckon not by months and years Where she has gone to dwell. But I often wonder if we would not all reach nearer the gates of paradise if we had more kisses to grow on. "To the height of the sinless angels The little one has grown."

Kisses to Grow on.

Oh! great family of humanity, learn all your weary, wandering ones up the divine heights by kisses. They are stronger than blows; they have no stings like bitter words; they are blessed memories that blossom in our crown of thorns when those whom we kissed have gone from us a little way beyond tears and kisses; grown on the precious nourishment into the higher life, in the city whose builder and maker is God.

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